

The Critic

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Schools of Fiction.

IT is quite probable that American Fiction will survive the discussion going on now for some time past between the advocates of realism and those of the older schools, just as many innocent children survive the noisy clatter of tongues about the cradle. Realism is a good-sized infant. It has been born a long time. Indeed, it has been born a good many times, first and last; and on each occasion has shown a little more vigor than on the last—the vigor depending on parentage and sustenance. We shall probably every year require more truth in fiction, because there is every year more known and usable truth at hand. But the effort at truth is a recognized feature of all growth in literary work; and the success of books and authors, one may venture to say, has always, in the long run, been proportioned to their truth to reality. The man is to be commiserated for lack of human experience who does not see the full proportions of truth—idealized, it may be, in the statement, but none the less truth to nature—in Homer's matchless picture of the quarrels in the Greek camp about Troy; in Dan Chaucer's company of Canterbury pilgrims, with their intensely human experiences; in the little family of the Vicar of Wakefield drinking their cup of wretchedness until it comes near to being a cup of the fatal hemlock. The truth is more or less dressed for company; and fashions of dress change, but unless truth were present men would not go with a thrill of pleasure into the company of Homer and Chaucer and Goldsmith.

In the criticism, by our friends the realists, on the old idols of fiction, we are often with the critics—always with them when, with Dr. Samuel Johnson, they strike at a false note. Few modern critics hold their authors to truth more than Dr. Johnson. Romance has its own way of displaying truth; but romance hardly wins attention unless it does somehow succeed in telling the truth. Walter Scott often failed, and the critics of his day were not silent; as any one may see who will take the trouble to read English magazines of the early part of the century. His success lay in his wonderful faculty of reaching deep-lying truth in human nature. His most romantic tales—those least in accord with our present methods—the tales dealing with the Crusaders—are truer to truth than they seem to the careless reader. They deal with an artificial life and distorted beliefs, and are valuable chiefly as they correctly represent that artificiality and distortion. The reality of character is everywhere visible, and charms us only as it is reality, under whatever pleasant disguise, or antique fashion of speech, it may be introduced. Hawthorne drew a picture of Puritanism in Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale, coloring it with the superstitions which made the atmosphere of the times. If he put in more of this witch-haunted atmosphere than the times warranted, or made it more an element in the formation of character than was warranted by the facts, the intelligent reader will stand by and let the realist have his whack. 'The Blithedale Romance' belongs to a new era and a new

growth of superstition. The figures are set in a new atmosphere, and are to be censured only as they fail in interior correctness and conformity to their surroundings. The worm takes the hue of the leaf which is its habitual food. Balzac, in 'Van Claes' searching for the 'Absolute,' paints with great precision and power the alchemist of the Dark Ages set down in a modern laboratory. The atmosphere differs but slightly from that of the half-taught New England mechanic who shuts himself up in a back-shop to discover the principle of 'perpetual motion.' He is next door to a lunatic asylum, and the air screams with insanity. Balzac was searching after truth, in all probability, no more than was Hawthorne. The truth is that one man sees through wider spaces than another, gets more distant figures and a larger horizon. Great moral forces are at work on the inner thought of men in the mass, and the higher order of novelists see better than others the relation of those forces to individual character; and they are great only as they bear the searching eye of the expert. There are moral epidemics that remain local, others that spread over a nation. They can, in either case, be drawn falsely, or drawn correctly; and, in the long run, we are won only as we discover truthfulness in the delineation.

So the attack now making by the modern realist on old schools of fiction is justified just as far as recent acquisition of knowledge has made it possible to detect error in earlier attempts to state fact. The attack has many forms, and is often useful; but, in the judgment of many good critics, it is as often misdirected and narrow, based on an imperfect, or distorted, vision of social history. By one class of critics the best of the last half-century of novelists are charged with telling too little; by another, with describing more than was visible or tangible; by still another with being didactic; by a fourth class, with being too hopeful. The first set of critics point to a new French school of writers, and would have us round out truth by telling details which, in the judgment of society, are better not told. It is now some thousands of years since organized society began to settle for itself the boundaries between the too much and the too little, between a wise and an unwise reticence. The settlement is not always made by a majority vote; Matthew Arnold's 'remnant' has much to do with it. Nor is it unhappily a full and final settlement. Each generation has its own views and records a law for itself, and also records the protest of its recalcitrant members. To-day the protest seems more vigorous than the law. We want to go back to the Byronic verse, the Richardson frankness of fiction, the Elizabethan license of drama. Zola shall be our prophet and leader. There is a spasm for frankness. But organized society, which always favors reticence, has its own spasms of virtue, and holds together wisely only as it wisely adheres to a policy of reticence. It declares Emerson to have been in the right when he objected to having the natural decay of the physical form elucidated at the breakfast-table and in the parlor. Acquaintance with human infirmities makes neither good manners nor a good digestion, both of which are desirable ends in human life.

But the sensational and pest-house realist has less justification than the realist of the class most in vogue to-day in America. For while science is rightly engaged in measuring the duration of the electric flash, to the end of making a more commodious world, the novelist may justify himself for an equally minute investigation into the manners of the back-shop; since those, after all, like the electric spark, are cumulative as social forces. No intelligent man can rightly complain of accurate investigation into the trifles of motives and manners; but it is hardly to be expected that the light reader who reads for rest and relief should interest himself long in such an investigation. We turn the electric spark over to the electrician, the insect and his ways to the entomologist, the flecks on the human cuticle to the physician, and bid the investigators God-speed. Have we not often felt inclined to bestow a parting benediction on the minute

chronicler and the analytic novelist whose delicate and expressive workmanship we would compare only with the best of the scientific specialists in the laboratory?

It used to be very particularly charged against the American novel that it was over-didactic in moralizing too much. To-day it may justly be charged against the fashionable novel that it is over-instructive in itemizing too much; and we are inclined to believe that this form of didacticism is as wearing as the other. That it is in accord with the modern spirit of research, and must needs have its day and do its office, is not to be denied; but how long will it satisfy the higher inquisitiveness of man? The physician is surely right when he carries into the sick-room the medicine he has concocted, and not the full chemical laboratory where the parts were mixed. The student wants details, and can hardly have enough of them; but trustworthy results are all that the world in general has time to note. If the results are not correct, that is the condemnation of the manipulator. But even here a distinction is to be drawn; and this brings us to our fourth class of critics, who believe that the old form of novel was too genially hopeful. We would meet them by asserting, without much fear of general contradiction, that hopefulness, even a little in excess, is a good thing and brings a better thing. It is the condition on which depend youth and health, vigorous manhood and all successful leadership, serene old age and a cordial eulogy afterwards. In the sick-room the physician's drug is less potent than his smile. He wins the largest practice in the end who brings with his potion a cheerful countenance. It is sometimes necessary to re-break a limb in order to set it properly, and possibly that was the task of the realistic critic. But may there not be an intolerable perseverance in such preliminaries? 'Your limb is all right, it will get well,' says one surgeon, as he adjusts the splints. 'It is all wrong,' says another; 'I saw a man die the other day with such a leg.' One surgeon may be as expert as the other; but it is needless to ask any intelligent person which manipulator rescues the most limbs. We see the method of wise reticence and cheerfulness applied in every department of suffering—from the nursery to the rheumatic's torture-chamber; and who that has watched the application long will doubt the efficacy of the method? Who is there that loves a grumbling epicure? Who does not love a well-fed and hopeful undertaker? Who does not feel his own days lengthen when a friend's countenance brightens? The critic in the fourth form of the realistic school fails in this hopefulness of temperament. He sees that in human life virtue is generally joined with a base metal to toughen it; and employs his faculties in determining the weight of the base. It is his business to lay stress on the weaknesses of society, on its foibles. If he is without humor, he carries it grimly. A sense of humor is a high quality which lifts one's work into a delightful tea-table tattle. Wit is a delectable condiment, and, with subtlety of intelligence, may introduce one into cabinets. But the great multitude ask for more than wit, humor, and a subtlety of intelligence in alliance with cynicism. They want them in alliance with hopefulness; for the mass of mankind are eternally hopeful, and will walk over brimstone with a man like Thackeray, who is of a cheerful countenance.

Every long life divides itself into periods of success and periods of failure, and of these two, or a mingling of them, the novelist has his choice. Either period is competent to the realist, as it is to the romanticist. The one will be judged by his truth to detail, the other will be held to correctness in essentials, and the length and vigor of fame in each case will depend, at bottom, one imagines, on success in telling the truth attractively; for each school has it in its power to be both truthful and attractive. The pith of our criticism on the realistic critics of the fourth school then is, that they prefer the period of failure in life for their field of operations. If there is a bottomless pit, they want to find it; not in order to cross it, or to get away from it, but be-

cause it exercises a kind of fascination on them. Is there no reality in the Delectable Mountains beyond? There are misfortunes enough in life; but they have their alleviations and, at last, an end. In every family we know, the happy climax is quite as frequent as the hopeless fall. People are born and sport and love and marry and get rich, as often as they fail and toil and hate and unmarried and die. There is steadfastness and firm friendship and heroism; self-sacrifice, mixed and unmixed with selfishness. These surely, in their best estate, are worthy of contemplation. In youth we see nothing else for long. As we grow up, we value little else; and amid the ills of old age we need the sight of these beyond all else. Natural selection finds its best conditions for an eternal evolution in an atmosphere, natural to the race, of eternal hopefulness.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

Reviews

"The Ancient Cities of the New World."*

STUDENTS of American archaeology owe to M. Désiré Charnay, for certain portions of his work, their very hearty thanks. He has visited many of the most interesting of the ruins of Mexico and Central America, and has secured a singularly fine collection of photographs (published in 1863) of structures which every year finds more and more dilapidated. Further, he has taken a large number of "squeezes" of incised stones, and thus has obtained absolutely accurate copies which for practical purposes of study are as valuable as the originals. Still more, he has unearthed a very considerable quantity of pre-historic pottery and stone-work which now is conserved in museums and is accessible to students. This is a great deal for one man to have done; and for doing it M. Charnay deserves warm praise.

The least successful portion of his work is the book in which he gives an account of it. This book was published in French rather more than two years ago, and now appears in a very elegant English edition from the press of Harper & Bros. That which at once arrests the attention of a reader who is familiar with any portion of the region described, is the author's habit of inaccuracy—a defect which would be annoying in a mere volume of travels, but which is something more than annoying in the work of a professed archaeologist. On page 2, we are told, in regard to Vera Cruz, that 'yellow fever is never absent from its shores,' when, in truth, Vera Cruz usually is as free from yellow fever during six months of the year as is any city of the north; on page 10, that Puebla lies 'some twenty leagues' off the line of the Vera Cruz railway, when the actual distance is 29½ miles; that the train arrives at 'the San Cosme Station,' when there is no San Cosme Station, and Buena Vista obviously is meant. All of the railways are described (p. 23) as being 'in the hands of foreigners,' although the interoceanic line (Mexico to Irvls, and Mexico to Yantepec) is owned and operated by Mexicans—not to mention the lines of tramway, aggregating upwards of one hundred miles, radiating from Puebla, and the fifty miles of tramway which radiate from the City of Mexico. In the loosely-written paragraph concerning the abolition of the monastic orders, we are told (p. 29) that 'most' of the monks 'have become citizens and taken wives, and are now heads of families.' It is doubtful that M. Charnay could produce a single case in support of this sweeping statement. On the next page, referring to the church of Santo Domingo, and the Inquisition, M. Charnay writes: 'Here, in 1646, the terrible tribunal celebrated its first auto-da-fé, when forty-eight persons were burnt at the stake.' In point of fact, the first auto-da-fé in Mexico was celebrated in the year 1574, when (see Icacbolceta) five persons perished. The only year in which as many as forty-eight people were put to death through the agency of the Inquisition was the year 1649, when not forty-eight,

* The Ancient Cities of the New World. Being voyages and explorations in Mexico and Central America from 1857 to 1882. By Désiré Charnay. Tr. from the French by J. Gonino and Helen S. Conant. \$6. New York: Harper & Bros.

but seventy-eight were relegated to the secular arm. On page 36 we are told that 'according to historians of the Conquest, El Salto del Agua and the aqueduct which it terminates replaced the ancient aqueduct of Montezuma, constructed by Netzahualcoyotl, King of Texcoco, between the years 1427 and 1440.' Had M. Charnay reasoned about this statement, he certainly would have perceived its general absurdity, and the particular impossibility of connecting Netzahualcoyotl with the work. And in default of reasoning, if he had read the perfectly legible inscription on one side of the fountain he would have found the historic facts which he seems desirous of stating stated correctly; while the inscription on the other side of the fountain would have convinced him that 'the historians of the Conquest' could not possibly have written about a fountain that was not completed until March 20, 1779. The statement (p. 42) that the large trees in the park in Chapultepec are seventy-five feet in diameter probably is an error on the part of the translators—as doubtless also is the bull of 'perpendicular roofs' (p. 159), and as certainly must be the statement (p. 24) that the railing in the Cathedral (made in the Portuguese town of Macao in China) was 'executed by Macao'—as though the place where the railing was made were a person. It is but fair to the translators to add, however, that their rendering of the French text usually is excellent.

In regard to the matters stated above, with others which need not be quoted, we have checked off M. Charnay on points with which we happen to be familiar. The result certainly is not of a sort to inspire much confidence in that portion of his work where the checking-off process is not practicable. Unfortunately, the tendency of almost all writers about the ruins of Mexico and Central America has been toward great exaggeration. Mr. A. F. Bandelier is a notable exception to this rule; but, as Mr. Bandelier has not visited the ruins which M. Charnay most minutely describes, it is only in the case of Mitla that a comparison can be instituted between the two authors. M. Charnay, avowedly, has not made a careful study of Mitla, but he states that he has 'visited the ruins more than once'; and he quotes, apparently as embodying his own views, the following ornate utterance of M. Viollet-le-Duc: 'The monuments of Greece and Rome, in their best time, can alone compare with the splendor of this great edifice. The ornamentation is arranged with perfect symmetry, the joints are carefully cut, the *beds* and *arris* of the cornices faultless, showing that the builders were masters of their art.' On the other hand, Mr. Bandelier, whose painstaking methods and almost painfully precise accuracy, joined with his extraordinarily broad and accurate knowledge, place him in the front rank of archaeologists, gives detail after detail concerning these ruins ('An Archaeological Tour in Mexico in 1881'), from which at last he draws the following obviously just conclusion: 'All this shows that the people who reared the houses at Lyó-Baa [Mitla] did their work by mere eyesight, and without even the most elementary mechanical devices of the art of building.'

Very possibly M. Charnay may be quite right in both of the theories to find support for which he seems to have gone to Mexico: that the prehistoric ruins in Mexico and Central America are of no great antiquity, and that they all are of Gothic origin. He is rather careless as to the evidence that he uses in support of these propositions, and not less careless as to how he uses it. But his views, while interesting, are not especially important. It is, as we have said, less for his book than for his photographs and 'squeezes' and valuable discoveries that serious students of American antiquities are indebted to him; and this debt, we repeat, is a heavy one.

DR. EGGLESTON'S novel, 'The Graysons,' will begin in the November *Century*, as well as Mr. Cable's three-part story, 'Au Large.' The number will contain also a short story, 'A Little Dinner,' by William Henry Bishop.

A New Life of Luther.*

PETER BAYNE, whose 'Essays in Biography and Criticism' and other works were eagerly read by students in the time of our own college days, has, of late years, played the part of a 'resting cell' in literary biology. Burying himself in the editor's sanctum, except an occasional article in a review, or letter to an American newspaper, he had apparently given up the making of books, though still but fifty-eight years of age. It seems, however, that his activities have not been dormant, and he now surprises us by a book which has evidently cost the labor of years, for it bears the marks of thorough workmanship.

No one need look in this 'Life of Martin Luther' for a catalogue of dates, or an account of the monk who became a husband, such as can be found in the cyclopædias. Without outraging the harmonies of time and space, the author, without ignoring, subordinates these to dramatic treatment. He gives us, too, a psychological study. He traces the development of a mind, a soul. He pictures a spiritual evolution lying between Cardinal John Henry Newman and François-Marie Arouet, whom the world knows as Voltaire. He sets forth Luther's life as a protest against illusion on the one hand, and unbelief on the other. Having mastered in detail the raw material of the history and biography of his subject, he gives us a picture of the struggles and the culture, through which Martin, son of John and Margaret of Eisleben, became the force which yet moves mankind. With rigid criticism Mr. Bayne analyzes statements, myths, and picturesque episodes. Blowing away the chaff of fiction, and properly subordinating the husk, bran and dust, he sets before us the genuine bread of knowledge. We get truth in purity rather than facts in mass. The work is in two volumes and fifteen 'books'; yet the chapters are all short, easy, readable, and almost as delightfully charming in style as Irving's. Book first concerns itself with 'Luther from Various Points of View,' and the headings of the chapters will give one a capital idea of the method of treatment. 'Luther and Anglo-Saxondom,' 'Luther and Present-Day Thought,' 'The God-Ward Gravitation,' 'The Law of Spiritual Progress,' 'Protestantism and Popery,' 'The Century of Luther and Shakspeare,' are sufficiently suggestive. Other book titles are 'Boyhood and Youth,' 'Spiritual Crisis,' 'Industrious Peace,' 'The Ninety-Five Theses,' 'Luther and Calvin,' 'Luther and Catejan,' 'The Leipzig Disputation,' 'The Call to Germany,' 'The Diet of Worms,' 'The Wartburg,' 'The Peasants' War,' 'Katie,' 'The New Era,' 'Pope Clement and Pope Luther,' and 'The End.' A good index like a rudder helps the reader, when through first perusal, to steer at once to a desired incident or passage. The chapter on 'Satanic Annoyances' is a good specimen of the author's method of showing what is a Luther myth, and how it grew up. He does not believe that Satan was either hit by, or did actually dodge, the ink-bottle which Martin used as a projectile. Yet the story of Luther's application of glass and atramental fluid to the devil, though 'not literally authentic,' is more expressly veracious than any one fact, because it is the embodied spirit of a thousand.

Daudet's "Belle Nivernaise" and "Tartarin of Tarascon."†

THE Roberts Bros. translation of Balzac seems to have roused a generous rivalry in English, for almost simultaneously with the Balzac comes out this translation of Alphonse Daudet—an admirable translation, pointed, idiomatic, flowing, printed on beautiful paper and illustrated in exquisite fashion by Montégut, De Myrbach, Picard, and Rossi. It is most instructive to compare the two writers; the one as complex as modern civilization, as full of Latinisms in word and thought as old Rome herself, charged like an electric

* Martin Luther: His Life and Work. By Peter Bayne, LL.D. 2 vols., \$5. New York: Cassell & Co.

† 1. La Belle Nivernaise: The Story of an Old Boat and her Crew. 2. Tartarin of Tarascon. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Paper: \$1.50. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.

battery with the descriptive fury, hunting for the unique and the pictorial on every quai and boulevard—one may say, in every eye; the other simplicity itself, with a delicate pathos and humor that leave him as naturally as a perfume leaves a flower, without the slightest imaginable pressure. One cannot imagine Balzac writing without having first wrought himself up into a red-and-blue fury, seated upon a tripod in Delphic fashion, and pouring forth glowing improvisations: a veritable human crater. Daudet is as full of ease and gladness and spontaneity as a pool in the summer mountains, where the light lingers all day long, where everything is translucent and harmonious, and nothing tangled, tragical or sanguinary. Balzac, it must be whispered, is a morbid literary appetite. You go to him as you would to a stolen wine; a sip is never enough; you must get downright intoxicated as you slip ever more and more under his spell. On Daudet you could no more get *gris* than you could on a bunch of flowering lilac, a scent of sweet olive, or a strand of moonlight.

The two books under notice illustrate two (we know not how many others he has!) of his phases or moultings: he is as many-changing as the moon. In 'La Belle Nivernaise' (1) (which includes three or four other delightful tales) he is delicate, tender, touching—a true writer for children, a true artist of country scenes and river scenery, a lover of the Seine and of Paris (like all true Frenchmen), a writer whose story of a foundling and an old river barge is delightfully shaded with humor and tenderness. We see him slipping through the slim willows and arrowy poplars with his bargeful of children, touching all things and making them alive for us, a silvery phantom of Dickens in his trail, just enough to suggest a palingenesis of the great Englishman on the other side of the Channel, only with a more acute accent in his voice. In 'Tartarin of Tarascon' (2), on the other hand, the clear-cut icicle of a moon, with its light stolen from another's shoulders, has gone through three of its quarters at least, has developed into a monstrous gleaming pumpkin, has a grin as broad as Gargantua's, and shines down upon wondering France with a benignity as wide as the ocean. Daudet passionately loves his South of France, the country where he was born, the bold, brunette, gasconading people, whose blood tingles in his own veins; and he delights in twitting and fondling them in these extravagant pages. 'Tartarin' is a typical Southerner, and his 'prodigious adventures' and tall talk fill this and other volumes with Southern hyperbole, Rabelais-like boastfulness, and merry exaggeration. Two books more unlike could not be selected to test a writer's 'quality,' and Daudet bears the test well.

The Eighteenth Century Revival.*

THE CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR of Ecclesiastical History is doing a needed service in editing a series of Epochs in Church History, and is doing it well. That upon 'The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century,' by the Rev. John Henry Overton, is now before us. We have found it a model book, both as to its literary composition and its outward dress; while the spirit of the writing is that of a calm-tempered and candid theologian. The author, who is Canon of Lincoln, describes the political and religious situation of England in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, the spiritual apathy and bitterness of controversy, and then shows the advent of John Wesley and George Whitefield on the scene. He compares, discriminates, and differentiates the two movements of Evangelicism and Methodism, adding in two brilliant chapters clear and sharp pen-portraits of the clergy and laity. Most valuable to the student is the essay on 'The Literature of the Revival,' wherein are set forth the conception, birth, and career of the great commentaries, the sermons, tracts, essays, and hymnology of the period. The permanent results of the revival, the abolition of the slave trade, the organization of great missionary societies, the

check of skepticism, and the quickening of popular religion, are graphically portrayed. A chapter on the 'Oppositions of the Revival,' and another on its Doctrines—so irritating to Mr. Matthew Arnold and his kind—follow. In conclusion the movement is, with scholarly resource and keen discrimination, compared with other religious movements. Herein the author differs notably from Prof. C. A. Briggs in his recently published 'American Presbyterianism.' The closest resemblance to the great awakening of the Eighteenth Century Canon Overton finds, not in anything in Great Britain, but in the pietistic movement in Germany; the British movement being by far the healthier, and more enduring in good results. An adequate index completes this most satisfactory book, in which one finds the readable substance of many volumes done into good English by an independent but appreciative thinker.

"Frederick Hazzleden."*

HUGH WESTBURY is a name new among authors, but the novel of 'Frederick Hazzleden' does not seem to betray the hand of a novice. It is one of the books that can be read slowly from preference. It is meaty, and every word means something. The conversations are those of ordinary people, and yet they interest. You do not find, after reading two pages of talk, that all the people have said to each other, after all, is 'Good-morning.' Great issues and mysterious characters are upon the scene at once, and the defect of the book is simply that the overture is too long and too elaborate for the opera—the canvas too large for the little that is sketched upon it. What opened like a genuine novel, with a large historical theme blocked out for careful detail, ends after all like a story, an episode, a tale coming to a climax with a marriage and then suddenly stopping. The wrongs of Ireland, which the author pictures most vividly, and the fiendish plots of the Fenians, which he gives with equal vividness, are alike brought to a close with the dynamite explosion at the Abbey; the rest is silence. In a book that promises such earnestness, one looks instinctively for results, for opinions, for remedies. That it is merely realistic, as a depiction of perplexities with no suggestion of the way out of them, inevitably disappoints in an author whose real opinion one is sure would be worth knowing. It is a great deal to ask of an author, to solve all the problems of life for us; and yet we feel a reasonable impatience with one who leaves so many loose threads hanging carelessly from the fringe of his story. But the book is well worth reading for its strong presentment of many features of our heterogeneous life. It sets one thinking, if it does not tell one what to think.

"American Patriotism."†

IN 'AMERICAN PATRIOTISM' we have a careful study of questions whose vital importance no right-minded citizen can deny, much as he is wont to neglect them. 'Sweet and glorious is it to die for one's country,' says the proverb; yet the opportunities for such display of patriotic fervor are, happily, becoming rarer and more rare. A nobler thing is that self-sacrifice which leads one to live for his country, and while enjoying its blessings to seek to do his part toward perpetuating them for posterity. Mr. Bishop urges the duty of every patriot to acquaint himself with public affairs so as not merely to vote intelligently, but also to exercise a healthful influence over the ignorance, selfishness and corruption of the masses. He points out as three of the vices antagonistic to patriotism, intellectual laziness, an aversion to having one's opinions controverted and corrected, and that partisan servility which is the bane of American politics. While admitting the necessity of party affiliations, he holds that patriotism will lead a man to work for the elevation of his

*The Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century. By Rev. John Henry Overton. 80 cents. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

*Frederick Hazzleden. By Hugh Westbury. \$2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.

†American Patriotism. By Putnam P. Bishop. 75 cts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

party, that partisanship should have nothing to do with local elections, that to support an-untrustworthy person for office is always unpatriotic, and that, when a party submits to the sway of unprincipled men, it forfeits its claim on its adherents, whose duty then is to transfer their allegiance to another party of higher patriotic aims. Civil service reform next engages the author's attention, and with much candor he examines some of the objections to the merit system, contrasting with them the fruits of the spoils system. Mr. Bishop's essay deserves wide reading. Politicians by profession will find much in it to antagonize, but with most of its propositions intelligent unbiased readers must agree.

Minor Notices.

'PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE,' by Peter Henderson (O. Judd Co.), is a new and enlarged edition of a book issued eight years ago for the guidance of both the amateur and the professional florist. Every phase of the subject seems to have been treated. Americans are proverbially devoted to flowers, paying more money for bouquets probably than any other people. There are more than 10,000 florists in the United States, and the business in New York alone amounts to millions of dollars a year. Mr. Henderson's book is of interest even to the general reader who cares little about knowing how to raise the flowers he buys so liberally. There is a fashion in blossoms, as in everything else; more than that, there is a fashion in the way of arranging blossoms. To keep the run of Mr. Henderson's portraits of the flower-baskets, if we may call them so, in favor from year to year, is as entertaining as to follow the modes of dress in old-fashioned ladies' magazines.

'LITTLE FLOWER PEOPLE,' by Gertrude Elisabeth Hale (Ginn & Co.), is an effort to interest children in botany by weaving a sort of fairy romance around actual facts. A friend of ours, utterly bewildered by the skill of her little son in communicating interesting facts, exclaimed with a sigh, 'If I only knew where the imagination ended and the fib began!' Children young enough to care anything at all about Miss Hale's fancies, will be puzzled to draw the line between graceful fancy and scientific truth. Take the opening sentences: 'Come and sit down here beside me. I have a most charming secret to tell you. Every little flower that grows is just as much a living, talking being as you or I.' It seems as if even a child would find no difficulty here, in telling where the imagination ends and the other thing begins; but it is not so easy to divorce fact from fancy in every passage. Our objection to the book is not that it is imaginative; for in these realistic days, it is a blessing for children to get hold now and then of something to stimulate imagination. But in that case it should be pure extravaganzas, frankly and plainly a fairy-tale without scientific moral or instruction at the bottom of it. It is a mistake to suppose that any fictitious dressing-up of the truth is necessary to interest children in science. There is nothing in the world so captivating to young minds as the wonderful beauties of nature, shown to them simply and faithfully. Give your boy a microscope and teach him how to use it, and you need feel no anxiety as to his happiness for the summer. He is as much entertained by your showing him how the little roots burrow in the ground, as he is by your 'making-believe' that the roots are the flower-fairies' servants, sent below to bring up stores of food, etc.

MRS. BROTHERTON'S little book is a more favorable specimen of Western poetry than we are wont to get, though the two most gifted woman-voices of the time—Edith Thomas's and Mrs. Piatt's—come to us from that region. A Norwegian subject—'The Sailing of King Olaf'—has attracted her and forms a strong introduction to her new venture. After this there are numerous miscellaneous poems under the various headings of 'Carmina Votiva,' 'Rose Songs,' and 'The Inner Life.' Friendship, love, and religion are celebrated in various keys and chords; a few translations from Heine, Schiller, and Voss are interspersed among the original work; and parable and allegory conclude the book. Mrs. Brotherton is not Mrs. Browning, but she has a womanly grace and pathos of her own, mingled with much pretty fancy, that justify her in compiling and publishing her work. We have no doubt it will find friends. (Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

MR. D. S. PRESTON'S 'Columbus: An Historical Play' (Putnam's), is dedicated to James Russell Lowell, and is an honorable effort to dramatize the great career and high purpose of the great voyager and discoverer. This is the danger of such a subject. Columbus's life and achievements are in themselves so dramatic, so replete with passion and pathos, so full of marvels that any attempt

to make them serve a merely literary purpose is apt to appear more or less pale, ineffective, and artificial. Mr. Preston has done his best to overcome the difficulties of the case, and though he has failed to make Columbus any more poetical and noble than he was, he has done good in calling renewed attention to his striking career and versatile genius. It would require gifts of the first order to cope with such a theme. These Mr. Preston does not claim to possess, yet this blank verse has dignity and music.—VOL. III. OF Wm. R. Jenkins's edition of Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables' is now ready. It embraces 'Marius,' and contains that astounding analysis of the Parisian *gamin* that is so full of tenderness and penetration. In it Hugo exhausts his wonderful vocabulary of criticism and description, condensing in each short chapter a worldful of observation, insight and thought. If the world-epic is ever to be written in prose, it will take something like the form of 'Les Misérables.'

THOSE who are familiar with the thought and style of George MacDonald, and enjoy his method of presenting the Gospel, will welcome this American tribute to his trans-Atlantic influence. He has a large public in America; a fact which has prompted some anonymous admirer—or the enterprising publisher—to make a collection of his 'sermons spoken and unspoken,' under the title of 'God's Word to His Children.' In an appreciative Preface, an account of his life, and of his method of preaching is given; which latter, those who heard him on his last visit to this country will recognize as correct. Educated at Aberdeen and Manchester, he was first an independent preacher, then a lay member of the Church of England, for awhile principal of a seminary in London. His preaching is not all from the lips, and some of the twenty-four discourses in the bound volume before us are taken from his religious novels, and from his series of unspoken sermons. The type and paper are good, and after each sermon is a prayer selected from one of the various liturgies. The proof-reader of the Preface must have been on his vacation when it passed muster.

'EPISODES in Clerical and Parish Life,' by the Rev. Dr. William Staunton (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is another of those discouraging books which profess to treat of Christian unity. On both the title-page, and in letters of very thin gold on the book-covers, this Doctor of Divinity states that his sketches are 'contributory to Christian Unity.' This subject is now eagerly discussed, and many Christians seem to be feeling, honestly and earnestly, their way to the desired goal. We took up the book with so fascinating a title and read several chapters to see if the reverend gentleman had anything to offer toward removing the difficulties in the way. Our disappointment is great. He has the same old story to tell, the same ancient tune to play. He means what we all mean—come into our fold; unite on us; let the Church be one, and that one ours. As a member of that particular Protestant or reformed sect which, among all the countries in Europe, is peculiar to England—but one of three countries in the United Empire—our author, ignoring the claims of other national or popular churches, treats them all as out of the true fold. Starting with assumptions which are, and have been for centuries, matters of gravest dispute, and which independent scholarship has exploded, the writer pursues his course as a heated sectarian, while dealing out censures of all degrees of severity on those who are not 'of the Anglo-Catholic or Anglo-American Church (commonly called the "Protestant Episcopal").' Apart from this fatal defect, which makes his papers nearly valueless for those who are not 'Churchmen,' Dr. Staunton does good service in dissecting the religious slang of shallow people, makes deserved ridicule of cant, endeavors honestly to teach some sound truths, and to attain accuracy of idea and language in Christian conversation. Further his style is sprightly, incisive, and direct. Several of the chapters are relieved of their heaviness, supposed to inhere in the method of treatment, by throwing the argument in the form of a narrative. Notwithstanding that one of the talkers suggests a bag of meal for this able clerical athlete to maul with his fists, the talk is lively and edifying. For the particular kind of people whom the author means in speaking of 'Churchmen,' the book will be found worth buying.

'NORWAY NIGHTS AND RUSSIAN DAYS' (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), if not already read during our scorching summer of 1887, is still to be enjoyed during mellow October. In form it is a joy to the eye, so delicate are print and paper, with abundant illustrations, and pretty binding—as if the author herself had planned and watched over all the stages of growth from ink-bottle and pen-nib to stamping-press and gold-leaf. Mrs. S. M. Henry Davis, who dedicates the work to her son, has the eye of culture and maturity. Her style is suggestive of keen observation, calm reflection and rich enjoyment of the humorous. Of the 260 pages, 200 are given to Norway, and the remainder to Russia. In other words, her study

of life in the peninsula, with 'night-thoughts' not at all like Young's, but a deal more pleasant, was longer and apparently more agreeable than that of the Russian plains and cities. Any one who wishes to see Norway, and the western corner of the Tsar's Empire, through a pair of unusually bright eyes, should read this book, which is easily carried in a reticule. Its pen-pictures abide in our memory like photographs developed to perfect 'tone.' —THE CRITIC'S views on elocution as taught by books ought to be sufficiently well known now for its readers to judge of its verdict on 'New Science of Elocution,' by S. S. Hamill (Phillips & Hunt), from the following quotation of 'Exercises': '1. Thou Slave! thou wretch! thou coward! 2. Independence now and independence forever. 3. Live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. Repeat the first and second of the above sentences with 1. expulsive form, orotund quality, energetic force, final stress. 2. Expulsive form, orotund quality, energetic force, radical stress.' Our own direction would be to treat the book itself 'with expulsive form.'

JAMES VILA BLAKE'S 'Essays' (C. H. Kerr & Co.) have a certain antique flavor, a Sixteenth Century quaintness, a Baconian vigor of thought and compactness of expression, that at once lay hold upon the reader with promise of refreshment and inspiration. 'Choice,' 'Faculty,' 'Vainglory,' 'Praising,' 'Censure,' 'Meditation,' 'Common Sense,' 'Hand-writing,' 'Enemies'—these titles indicate the commonplace character of the thirty topics on which the author discourses wisely. Triteness may be in the themes, but there is little or none in the handling. Quotations and illustrations, apt and abundant, diversify the pages, which are full of aphoristic utterances, sage precepts, and suggestive expositions. Though the tone of the papers is wholly serious, and scarce a ripple of humor appears, Mr. Blake's outlook is cheerful, and his optimism in the highest degree stimulating.

"Dandy Dick."

MR. A. W. PINERO'S four act farce of 'Dandy Dick' which served to open the season at Daly's Theatre will not add much to his reputation although it is not altogether devoid of humor of a certain boisterous kind, and is constructed with some ingenuity. The dialogue is brisk, and often provokes laughter by its comical exaggeration, but the quality of it is coarse and often much more appropriate to the stable than a drawing-room. The interest centres about a venerable Dean, who, being terribly pressed for money and assailed by sudden temptation, is induced by his sister, a sporting widow, to bet upon a race-horse which is partly her property. Up to this point the piece keeps tolerably within the limits of comedy, but beyond it all is broad farce. The Dean, thinking the horse upon which so much depends, has caught cold, tries to physic him, is caught in the act by a local policeman, and hurried off to gaol. Other complications ensue but of too trivial a character to merit description. The whole affair, indeed, is only worthy of attention on account of the excellence of the company engaged in it, a company unrivalled in its own special line upon the English-speaking stage. It is not pleasant to see so much ability wasted upon clumsy trivialities, even when the ability itself exacts admiration. Mr. Charles Fisher was a little heavy as the Dean, being uncertain, apparently, whether he ought to make some show of maintaining the dignity of the cloth, or abandon himself wholly to the task of making himself and the Dean ridiculous. To the eye he presented a perfect picture. Miss Ada Rehan, as the sporting widow, delivered her slangy speeches with immense gusto and acted with unflagging spirit throughout, but the natural charm of her style is lost in a character drawn with so heavy a brush. Mr. Lewis was exceedingly droll in the part of a hypocritical old family butler, to which his quaint, dry humor gave strong individuality, and Mr. John Drew astonished, even his admirers, by a delicious bit of eccentric impersonation, that of a middle-aged military valetudinarian, with neither brains nor liver. This was the artistic success of the evening. The only other performers deserving of special mention were Miss Effie Shannon, a new-comer, who is likely to become useful in simple, girlish parts, and Mr. George Clarke who played a sporting baronet with much vigor. The audience was very large and very fashionable and the

welcome given to all the old favorites was most fervent. It is plain that Mr. Daly has entered upon another brilliant season.

To E. C. S

WITH A ROSE FROM CONWAY CASTLE.

On hoary Conway's battlemented height,
O poet-heart, I pluck for thee a rose!
Through arch and court the sweet wind wandering goes;
Round each high tower the rooks, in airy flight,
Circle and wheel, all bathed in amber light;
Low at my feet the winding river flows;
Valley and town, entranced in deep repose,
War doth no more appal, nor foes affright!
Thou knowest how softly on the castle walls,
Where mosses creep, and ivys far and free
Fling forth their pennants to the freshening breeze,
Like God's own benizon this sunshine falls.
Therefore, O friend, across the sundering seas
Fair Conway sends this sweet wild rose to thee!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

The Lounger

I HAD SOMETHING to say—and said it,—some months ago, about books that made no impression when first published, but afterwards took strong hold of the popular fancy, and sold to such an extent as to surprise, not only the publisher, but the author, too. The publisher is usually of a less sanguine temperament than his client, and is more easily astonished than the latter by a big sale for a new book. Howe's 'Story of a Country Town' was a notable instance of a book becoming tardily popular; but the story of this 'Story' has been told so often that I need not repeat it here. Mr. Howells and *The Atlantic* had a great deal to do with the ultimate success of this now famous—or shall I say once famous?—novel. A phenomenon more striking is the popularity that comes so slowly and imperceptibly, that no one can say that it is due to any special cause outside of the book itself.

A CASE in point is Miss Warner's 'Wide, Wide World.' The late Mr. G. P. Putnam, published this story without any expectation of its attracting more attention than the work of fiction which preceded it, or that which should follow it, on his list. Nor did it, immediately. The sales lagged dreadfully for a year or so. Then there came from Providence an order which took the publisher's breath away—an order for twenty-five copies! No one could account for so large an order from an entirely unexpected source; nor has it been accounted for to this day. Other orders, many of them for much larger numbers, began to come in almost immediately from all parts of the country; and since then thousands and tens of thousands of copies of the book have been sold in the United States.

A FEW YEARS AGO Mr. Bishop Putnam brought from London the plates of a book for children which happened to strike his fancy. A small edition was printed, but somehow it didn't sell. About a year ago the unsold copies were disposed of as waste paper, while the plates were melted and recast for some better paying work. The book was then stricken from the publisher's catalogue. And yet, by a singular chance, the Messrs. Putnam have received orders during the past year for hundreds of copies of the little volume—orders which of course remain unfilled. They will be very slow in turning into waste paper the next book that doesn't pay from the start.

DURING the lifetime of Mr. Putnam *père*, the same firm purchased the plates of a work called 'Leaves from the Book of Nature.' The book was out of print, and the country was ransacked in vain for a copy to guide the pressmen in reprinting it. Finally a stray example of it turned up in Canada, and was bought at a premium. The curiosity of a member of the firm who wondered what had become of the other copies of the original edition, was partly gratified, some time afterwards, by the discovery of a well-thumbed volume of the 'Leaves' on a little shelf which served as the library of an obscure hotel in the Sandwich Islands.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, according to latest accounts, finds himself very much improved under the influence of mountain air. He is now keeping house in the Adirondacks on the shores of

the Saranac Lake. The house is small and primitive in style of architecture, all the rooms opening into the sitting-room, there being no hall. Mr. Stevenson is accompanied by his wife, his mother and his stepson. One of the best things about this mountain home is its distance from the busy world. The perfect rest and seclusion of the place are just what Mr. Stevenson needed.

Mr. Cable's Sunday-School Work.

A MAN professionally known as a novelist of great power and promise effectively interpreting the truth of the Bible to a large mixed audience, is an anomaly not often, if ever before, seen among men.* This was my thought upon leaving Tremont Temple in Boston, on a recent Saturday afternoon, after hearing Mr. George W. Cable, the author of 'Dr. Sevier,' 'The Grandissimes,' 'Mme. Delphine' and others, bring out the beauty and help of a Gospel story. His simple direct way of finding the central truth and a willingness to follow whithersoever it led, his nice discrimination in the use of words and moral aphorisms, his rare spiritual insight evidently born of experience as well as of intuition, made his teaching interesting and fruitful. Several times he reached a height of thought which only those advanced in Christian living have true knowledge of. His opening prayer, in calling upon the Perfect Nature to fill our poor humanity with the influences born of a genuine study of the revealed Word, indicated a mind free from cant and a heart willing to be led by a Higher Power than itself. His advice to teachers not to carry to their pupils answers done up in a napkin, but to make them think them out themselves was advice especially needed to-day in Sunday-School work, where, by force of habit, a wrong bias of mind, or honest ignorance, the search for truth is, through answers cut and dried, greatly hindered. Mr. Cable made his own stories seem more real and beautiful by this added power of revealing intelligently the inner truth of those of St. Matthew. In other words, his genius sanctified, and was sanctified by, this close contact with the particularly inspired life of the Son of Man.

A public criticism has been made that since Mr. Cable was blessed with creative ability he was doing himself a wrong to engage in such work. Alas! that the capacity of revealing the finest revelation to man of the divine Personality affecting human nature on all its sides, should destroy creative ability! Surely no one knows better than Mr. Cable himself that not only the study of such brings him nearer to the source of life itself, but the sincere personal giving of it to others has a reflex action upon his own soul which a mere publication of the thought gained could not possibly give. Then, besides the primary effects upon others, a secondary effect is not to be forgotten; that is, of a peculiar indefinable feeling which comes over the appreciative soul upon seeing the man who could write 'Dr. Sevier,' publicly giving himself up for an hour to the simple and choice exposition of subtle religious truth. What other novelists, living or dead, I asked, had the power of doing just this thing? Many had thought out the Christian problem, a few had written it out. Count Tolstoi was, in his way, working it out. But who could lovingly talk it out to the satisfaction of an immense gathering of people, varied in attainments, and more or less exacting in the demands which an evangelical training is supposed to create? It certainly suggests much for the intelligent growth of Christian thought when one of the brightest lights in our literary horizon can thus meet representatives from different walks in life, for the sole purpose of studying a subject which of all subjects carries the deepest possibilities of thought and action. Such a union not only brings to the study of the Bible (which in this age is too much neglected) the wealth of genius, but it assures to the great mass of people, reached by a large Sunday-School Union, a purer, broader channel in which to find the water of life.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1887.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

Invention and Imagination.

[*Macmillan's Magazine.*]

THERE is a certain interesting point of critical analysis which may be stated thus: what is the work of invention, and what the work of imagination, in the arts of poetry and romance? And in what writers does the one faculty predominate over the other; and with what result?

The first part of the question is not very obscure. Whether in poem or novel, invention, broadly speaking, makes the plot. It makes the outline of the story: it thinks out the course of the events: it sets the scenes. It resolves, in short, on what shall happen. It decrees that Achilles shall drag Hector round the walls of Troy, that Don Quixote shall tilt against the windmill, that Fer-

dinand shall play at chess with Miranda in the cave, that Ravenswood shall be swallowed up in the quicksand. Invention determines that such events shall happen; but in the case of the finest work it attempts to go no further. It has proposed the scene: the power which sets the scene like life before the inward eye, the graphic touch which makes it unforgettable, belong, of right, to the imagination alone.

If invention sets itself to attempt what only imagination can perform, it will produce a piece of stage-property, or a puppet, dead and cold. And the reason for this is obvious. For invention, at the best, can only think out, with painful intellectual workings, what details seem most likely to suit the circumstances. But imagination is the faculty which 'bodies forth the forms of things.' It sees the scene before it, with all its details visibly presented, and has nothing more to do than to set down such of these as strike it most—which are precisely those which invention never would have thought of, though it had vexed its brain till doomsday.

As we turn over the leaves of the great poets, examples crowd upon us. We may take one out of 'The Inferno'—one out of hundreds. It is that of the sinner pulled writhing out of the boiling pitch by the hook of Graffiacane, naked, black, and glistening. 'He looked to me,' says Dante, briefly, 'like an otter.'

We open Milton. There are the hosts of the fallen angels, a thousand demi-gods on golden seats, rising together in applause as Satan ends his speech; and forthwith there comes the revealing touch of the imagination:

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.

We turn to Marlowe:

Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Shall bathe him in a spring;

—a piece of imagery which invention could never have devised, most delicately painted, and as true as it is beautiful. In truth the 'realms of gold' are full of such examples. But we have another reason for thus beginning with the poets. There is no difficulty here in identifying the work of the imagination for what it is. But when we turn from these to works which seek to paint the scenes of daily life, a certain difficulty appears. We can no longer always be sure that we have caught the imagination working. In the instances above given the imageries described were such as the eye of the body never saw, but only the eye of the mind; so that the result must be the work of imagination only, and not of actually observed and recollected fact. We know that it was in the mind's eye only that Dante ever saw a sinner pulled out of a dyke of pitch by the prong of a winged demon; that Marlowe saw Diana's golden hair float over its own golden shadow; or that Milton beheld the hosts of applauding angels rise up together from their golden thrones. But we do not know that Dickens had not actually seen, and recollected, Mrs. Gamp rubbing her nose backwards and forwards along the warm bar of the fender, or Mr. Montague Tigg diving for his shirt collar and bringing up a string.

The difficulty, however, is only on the surface. We cannot, it is true, be sure that these particular incidents were not observed; but it is enough for us to know that they were not invented. They are either the life-like work of the imagination, or they are life itself. Nor is there any reason why, in the nature of things, they should not have been the work of the imagination only; for though, if they were so, they are wonderful examples, yet they are not at all more wonderful than those from Dante and Marlowe above cited. The sinner dangling on the prong of Graffiacane, is just as vivid a picture as Mr. Tigg bringing up his string.

The fact is, however, that though any single graphic touch may be the result of observation, neither Dickens, nor any other writer of imagination, ever takes a whole character direct from life. And this is one sure mark of the imaginative mind: it may copy life in places; but it can do without copying when it will, and yet be graphic and alive.

We may observe, in passing, one result of this which is not immediately connected with our purpose. The writer of imagination, not being bound within the limits of his own circle of acquaintance, but being free to wander whithersoever he will, seems to have lived in a world in which the people are all worth describing. What this means we shall perhaps be better able to realize if we turn to the work of novelists who confessedly despise imagination, and who set themselves to copy ordinary life without it. Mr. Howells is the type of these. We open one of his books, and immediately find ourselves in the presence of people who are, it is true, exactly like life, but trivial and insipid to a dire degree: people who have as little in common with Becky Sharp, or Dalgetty, or Paul Emanuel, as tepid water with champagne: poor creatures, fit for nothing but to be read about languidly, and then swept into some dust-hole of

* There are other modern instances, Edward Eggleston in Brooklyn being one of the most notable.—EDS. CRITIC.

the mind, and forgotten. And, observe, this must be so. For a novelist who can do nothing but describe from life, cannot, even if he has been exceptionally fortunate, have known very many people worth describing. And it is not enough that a character shall be life-like: it must possess some spark of interest also, or be doomed 'to lie in cold obstruction and to rot.'

How, then, does imagination act, not in the vivid presentment of a scene, but in the drawing of character? We shall find, on reflection, that it acts by identifying itself so intensely with the persons it depicts, that it knows instinctively exactly what, under the given conditions, each must say and do; which, as before, are just those things which invention could not have discovered—being such as come by intuition, not by thought.

Perhaps we cannot do better, by way of illustration, than take Dante's description of the Centaur Chiron, whom he met on the brink of the river of blood, galloping at the head of his troop, and shooting his arrows at the tyrants and assassins, whenever they ventured to emerge from the red waves. On catching sight of Dante and Virgil coming across the coast from the ruined cliffs, what are the first words that Chiron utters? Let us try to realize, for a moment, what words he was likely to utter. What were the circumstances of the scene?

The troop of Centaurs, perceiving the two figures approaching down the shore, and supposing them to be two sinners condemned to be plunged into the river of blood, stand still, while one of their number hails them in a loud voice, and demands to know in what depth of the river Minos has condemned them to stand. Chiron is silent. His eyes, perhaps sharper than those of his comrades, have been caught by a circumstance which the others have not observed, but which seems to him very surprising. One of the approaching figures, as he steps on the loose pebbles of the shore, moves them with his feet; the other does not. Now the spirits of the Inferno have no weight, and their feet move nothing on which they tread. One of the figures is therefore a spirit—but the other, what is he? Chiron has never seen such a phenomenon since he was appointed to watch over the sinners in the river of blood. His astonishment is so great that he says nothing whatever to the strangers as they come up, but turns to his companions: 'Do you see that the feet of the one behind move the stones he treads on? No spirit's ever did so!'

The surprise of the old Centaur was, observe, not only natural in the circumstances, but inevitable. He must have felt just so. But neither his surprise, nor the cause of it, could have been discerned by any mental process which can be analyzed. It was discerned by instinct; by intuition: in other words, by imagination alone.

Just in the same manner do all the great imaginative writers produce their characters. Never, in the whole course of her story, does Beatrix Esmond, for example, say, or think, or do, anything but what, her character and her surroundings being what they are, she must have said, or thought, or done. Beatrix and her companions in the world of fiction have a common origin with Dante's Chiron.

On the other hand, a character which has neither been imagined nor observed, but invented, has features of its own. Its sayings and doings seem to have no touch of the inevitable. It might say or do anything, and the reader would experience no surprise; for having no character, properly speaking, it cannot do anything out of character. This kind of puppet is most conspicuously present, as might have been expected, in the works of the sensational novelists, who depend entirely on invention. As, however, we prefer to examine the operations of invention at its best, we will not dwell on these. We will take the case of Hawthorne.

Nothing in all literature is, to certain minds, more curiously irritating than Hawthorne's characters. They are the productions of invention only; but they come just so near to being living creatures that their constant lapses into unreality, both of speech and action, only trouble and perplex the mind the more. If we take our eyes from the characters themselves, and fix them, however carelessly, on the process by which they were constructed, we see, at once, invention at its work. They have been pieced together, as the monster of Frankenstein was pieced together, with toil and anxious thought; and the marks of the process are everywhere visible upon them. In stories of the supernatural this is less felt; but when, as in 'The Blithedale Romance,' and 'The Scarlet Letter,' men and women are displayed, we confess that to us the result has something in it singularly repelling. Beatrice Rappaccini among her poisonous flowers, beautiful and deadly as herself, is to us much more of a real being than Priscilla, or Miles Coverdale, or the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, or (above all) little Pearl. The opinion will not be popular with Hawthorne's admirers; but we consider him, on the whole, the best example existing of what invention can do, and of what, out of its sphere, it cannot do.

If, now, we go forth in fancy into the world of fiction, and look

round us, we shall find that some of the greatest writers have done their finest work without invention, but never without imagination. Probably the two finest novels in our language, after Scott's, are 'David Copperfield' and 'Vanity Fair.' The two have scarcely anything in common. They must not be compared together. Each has, like wine, the tang of its own soil. But they agree in this, that each has been produced almost without invention having had a hand in the design. Neither has any plot worth speaking of. Invention is not present, even in its own domain: much less does it intrude into the creation of the characters. And this case often happens. Minds of extreme imaginative power often seem to love to throw the reins upon the neck of impulse, and to let the wild-winged steed fly with them where it will.

Invention may be driven, but imagination cannot be. Thackeray and Dickens lived to write at a time when imagination had grown weak and invention was compelled to take its place—with a result that gives us 'Little Dorrit' and 'The Adventures of Philip.' The case of Scott is even more striking. Compare 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the most artistic novel in the world, which has invention and imagination both, with 'Castle Dangerous,' which, though it was written at a period when Scott was only half alive, has invention still. It is the magic of imagination that is wanting.

If—still with the object of comparing the two faculties in value—we turn to Shakspeare, as the sovereign arbiter whose example must decide all issues, we find that he appears to treat invention with some disdain. He takes his plots ready-made, and seems to care next to nothing for 'situations' in comparison with men. The imagination which produced the character of Hamlet is so great as to be perhaps almost too deep for art. It puzzles us, as Nature does. We do not understand the mind of Hamlet: he does not understand it himself; yet no character was ever drawn more human and alive. And yet the very crisis of his fate is brought about by a shrift on which a modern playwright would have disdained to hang the fate of one of his rag-dolls—the interchange of foils in fencing. That Shakspeare could have devised a better scheme, if he had cared to do it, we may take for granted. We are therefore forced to the conclusion that he did not care.

Are we, then, to conclude, from these considerations, that invention is to be despised? Far from it. In its own domain it is a power. We owe 'The Arabian Nights' almost to it alone. 'Gulliver,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' could not have been produced without its active aid; nor, indeed, could some far mightier works, 'Paradise Lost,' or 'The Inferno.' But when it comes to making men and women, Centaurs and archangels, breathe and live, invention either stands aside in modesty, or toils and fails.

Solomon (so runs the apologue) was one day musing in his garden, at the fifth hour of the day, when there appeared to him two Spirits, who bowed down before him, and besought him to judge, by his wisdom, which of them was the most powerful. Solomon consented, and commanded the first Spirit to display his might. The Spirit took a piece of rock, and smote with it upon a larger block: again, and yet again, the blows fell; and slowly, as the Spirit toiled, the block assumed the figure of a man. And the man sat motionless and moved not; because he was of rock. Then Solomon signed with his finger to the other Spirit. And he stepped towards the man of rock, and breathed upon his eyes, and upon his feet, and upon his heart. And the man rose up as if from sleep, and moved, and bowed down at the feet of Solomon; for he had become a living thing. Then the first Spirit drooped and trembled; but the eyes of the other shone like light, and he laughed so gloriously with triumph, that at the sound of his laughter Solomon awoke; and behold, it was a dream.

Chance Hits of Authors.

[The New York Sun.]

A TATTERED and thumb-marked copy of Habberton's 'Helen's Babies' lay upon the shelf of one of the largest second-hand book stores in New York, and suggested the question whether it had not had a larger sale than any American work of fiction excepting 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

The proprietor, who knows as much about books as Joseph H. Choate does of law, replied that while 'Helen's Babies' had been one of the most extraordinary successes in the book trade, it did not stand second to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Then he rummaged around on a dusty shelf, and took down a thick volume, whose covers have faded from original black to a light drab color, and, blowing the dust from the leaves, said that he presumed that book had, next to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' had the largest sale of any work of fiction by an American author. I made out the faded letters of the title. It was 'The Lamplighter.' The book is now almost unknown to the younger generation of readers, but thirty years ago it caused countless tears to flow. It would give Mr.

Howells the horrors to read it, and yet more copies of it, three or four times over, have been sold than of all of Howells's books put together. Over two hundred editions of a thousand copies each were sold, and there is even now more demand for it, mainly from persons who read it years ago, and, remembering it with delight, sought it again.

'The Lamplighter' was written by a Boston woman, and is a Boston tale. But, though its success was so phenomenal, the author was for many years unknown, and even now her name would be unrecognized even by persons of literary habits if it were mentioned. It was a single flavor of her talent, and, though it brought some money to her purse, it never made for her the fame that its success, whatever its literary merits were, ought to have given her. Nothing is known of this author except that she was a school teacher and had worked at odd moments for several years upon the story. Then it remained in her desk some time longer, and afterward met the fate of manuscript of unknown authors in being promptly rejected by several publishers.

It is an idea of Mark Twain's that no new author ever made any great success upon a work that he wrote with the special view of making money. His own experience, however, does not support this idea. The 'Innocents Abroad' was written with no other purpose than to coin it into shakels, and mighty hard work the humorist had at first to find the mint. But it is a fact that many of the greatest successes of American fiction writers have been due partly to accident and partly to unexpected circumstances. The veteran bookseller picked up a copy of Howe's 'Story of a Country Town,' and said that the merest chance converted this work into a great success. Howe was a young printer and publisher of a little newspaper in Atchison, Kan. Nobody suspected that he had any literary ability; he was not at all sure of it himself. But the impulse to write seized him and he yielded to it. After his paper had been put to press and he had eaten his supper, he shut himself up in his editorial den or his chamber and wrote. Sometimes his lines came very hard. Sometimes the pen flowed smoothly until long past midnight. He took no model. He tried to imitate none of the masters of fiction. He wrote as he felt like it. A good many times he was on the point of throwing his manuscript into the fire, and very often, as he chewed the end of his penholder, his audacity frightened him. But he finished the story, set it up in his own office, published it himself, and a rank, flat failure it was. Some of those who read it laughed at it, and some damned it with the faintest praise. 'That settles it,' said Howe. 'I'm done.' And the book was forgotten. Some months later a stout little man, who was poking around the books at a second-hand stall in Boston, found a copy of 'The Story of a Country Town.' He ran his eyes over a page, then read a chapter, then he bought the book, and took it home, and in the next number of *The Atlantic* Mr. Howells announced that he had found a jewel, and the success of the story was established. Howe could scarcely believe his eyes when they lighted upon this notice in *The Atlantic*, but he speedily had evidence that he had made a hit, in the shape of an offer by prominent publishers to put the work on the market. It ran up to a dozen editions at once, was praised by the gingerly *Spectator* of London, and sold well in Europe. So that a tired-out Maine printer, working with heavy eyes at night, marking out his own path, and following his own intentions, accomplished what men of literary training, ample opportunity, the habit of careful polishing and firm convictions about what the requirements of literary art are, were that year unable to do. Not one of them. Howe had made a hit.

Miss Alcott's great hit was a chance one, and a surprise to her. She had been writing many years for the weekly story papers. She got money for her work, but no more fame in good literary circles than others who write for the weeklies gain. And when Roberts Brothers of Boston suggested that she give them, and right away, a story for young people, she dashed off something, hit or miss, at the speed of a reporter who writes while the forms are waiting. With a dictionary on her knee for a desk she scratched away from morning until night, sometimes writing so steadily that her fingers were so stiff she could not bend them, and scarcely looking at the pages for revision. That is the way one of the most successful of juvenile stories ever written was prepared for the publishers. A hit was the last thing Miss Alcott dreamt of when she wrote 'Little Women.' But it was a hit that made her fame and her future.

Mrs. Stowe has often told the intimates who gather around her in her delightful Hartford home that she never had the remotest idea when writing 'Uncle Tom' that its sale would be extensive beyond the circulation of *The National Era*, when it was first published as a serial. A good many stories have been told about the way she wrote the book. But she has herself said that the first chapter she wrote was that describing the whipping and death of Uncle Tom. That was written in Brunswick, Me., in the parsonage, and when she finished it she read it to the family, and greatly

were they affected by it. She first intended it as a single sketch, but the plan of the story was developed in her mind. No stated hours did she give to daily composition, no careful arrangement of desks or papers was necessary. She wrote wherever she was, with the children running about, and she wrote steadily, rapidly (sometimes the ink would not flow fast enough), and she bothered herself little about revision or polishing off.

The chief hit of that popular writer, Charles Dudley Warner, was a very great surprise to him. Just for the fun of it, and without any idea that the sketches would attract much attention beyond the readers of the Hartford *Courant*, he jotted down his delightful letters entitled, 'My Summer in a Garden.' And when he finished them he found that he was famous, and literary prosperity has been his ever since, except once. Through badinage and for a joke he collaborated with Mark Twain that monstrosity, 'The Gilded Age.' The shrewd Mark made his private arrangements with Warner, whereby Mark possessed the sole right to dramatize. The book was a direful failure. The play, thanks to John T. Raymond, proved a gold mine, and I heard Raymond say some years ago that he had paid Mark Twain \$60,000 royalty. The collaborators thought the book would be a hit, but it wasn't. They never dreamed while writing it that one of them was mining a dramatic bonanza.

One of the great successes of forty years ago was Donald G. Mitchell's 'Dream Life' and 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' written over the *nom de plume* of Ik Marvel. But when Mitchell, who was then a young chap only a few years out of Yale College, wrote the first of these papers, he had no more idea of making fame and fortune from them than he had years later of making fame and fortune from any of his editorials in the *Hearth and Home* periodical. He began to write them for a literary magazine, just to fill up with. They did indeed fill it up, for they were the only contributions to that magazine that kept it alive, and they filled up Mr. Mitchell's purse.

The bookseller with whom I chatted pulled out of a remote corner a good-sized volume, and said that it was a book now known and admittedly the work of a genius, though it had been published thirty years before that fact was recognized. It was Sylvester Judd's 'Margaret.' It is a work that would thrill Mr. Howells's soul with delight. It is realistic from the first letter to the last. Its construction is faulty, and its display of erudition tedious, but it has been called by one of the ablest critics of England a work of genius. Its author was a quiet country clergyman of Maine, and he spent ten years in writing this novel. When it was published it escaped notice, and had been out of print some years when an English reviewer fell upon a stray copy in that country. His review of it caused the publication of a new edition in this country, and though the sale was not large, yet the book is accepted now by competent judges as an evidence of Judd's genius. With *littérateurs* his fame is well established, though he died before this acknowledgment was made.

George Washington on the Drama.

[The Boston Traveller.]

IT WILL BE a matter of interest to students of history and readers generally who revere the name of George Washington, to know that our first President has left on record his views concerning the province of the stage, and it seems not a little incongruous that we should be indebted to a comic opera performer for making public this valuable information.

Francis Wilson, the Cadeaux of the New York Casino 'Erminie Company, now at the Globe, has a touch of bibliomania, and spends much of his spare time in the libraries and museums in search of interesting scraps of information not generally thought to be essential to the education of a comedian. But Mr. Wilson, like Dr. Jekyll, seems to have two well-contrasted sides to his nature, and funny as he certainly is on the stage, he is an earnest and enthusiastic student off the boards. The other day Mr. Wilson was searching through George Washington's library, now in the possession of the Boston Athenæum, when his eye caught sight of a volume bearing the inscription on the title page, 'Lionel and Clarissa—a Comic Opera,' with a London publisher's imprint and the date of 1768, dedicated to 'Phillip, the Right Honorable Earle of Chesterfield,' and performed in the same year at the Theatre Royal, London. Bound with this opera is a treatise on 'The Effects of the Stage on the Manners of a People and the Propriety of Encouraging and Establishing a Virtuous Theatre,' by William Haliburton. This essay bears the Boston imprint of Young & Etheridge, Market Square, 1792; and as this date is seven years before Washington's death, and as it is upon the pages of this book that he has left what are most unquestionably his marginal notes, it is concluded that his views of the stage were well matured. His

style of handwriting in the signatures of ownership on the fly-leaf is reproduced in the chirography of the following closely written lines on a slip of paper pasted to one of the pages:—

'Who copy nature should describe characters as they are. It is the office of the stage to present a mimic representation of men and manners, which, to excel, must be a perfect likeness. It is objected, therefore, that the stage by its exhibitions will become pernicious to morals. That objection applies with more force against the manners in real life. God has given the wicked for an example as well as the righteous. It is the part of wisdom to make use of both to warn and instruct her pupils. The evil lies in the neglect of a duty so sacred and so necessary. It is the province of every author to allot to virtue and to vice their proper and suitable catastrophe, and he should appoint some of his personages to act the monitor, to comment in manly and pertinent language on the principal characters exhibited in his play, for the instruction of his audience.'

Another foot-note reads:—'Little minds are appalled by difficulties which great ones see not. Aspiring nations are distinguished by great designs and great feats. This treatise is an extremely interesting one, in which the author lays down rules for the government of all departments of a theatre. The pass or free ticket that the author suggests for use stipulates the time of the holder and the number of persons entitled to admission on it, but it also stipulates on the pass that they were to be admitted on condition of good behavior, according to the act.' [A benevolent scheme advanced which would serve admirably in these latter days to 'paper a house,' was to register at the box office those who could not afford to pay the fees and admit them occasionally free.] 'The time should be that which least interferes with their labors or duties, or when clean and well-dressed.'

Dramatic authors, the writer claims, should be paid for their works 'according to the virtuous tendency and intrinsic merit thereof.' Modern theatre patrons will readily conceive how poorly recompensed some other foreign authorities would be if the olden fashioned writer could get his theories introduced into the theatrical system of to-day.

Current Criticism

THE DISGRACE SHIFTED.—Every honest man who thinks about the matter must feel keenly the disgrace, now fairly shifted from the American publishers to the American public, of the wrong involved in the absence of an international copyright law. We prefer to put our demand for it upon this ground at once, because we believe we shall never have such a law till we appeal to the common conscience instead of the common interest. With the common conscience it now distinctly rests, for, however literary piracy grew up in the days before the wrong had been duly considered, it must now be owned that American publishers, with but one or two exceptions, are in favor of its suppression. They stand with American authors in this, and it is now the American nation that wilfully perpetuates an abuse which in a small way is morally worse than slavery in a large way. Slavery compelled a man's labor, but it gave him in return food, shelter and clothing, such as they were; literary piracy seizes the fruits of a man's labor, and gives him absolutely nothing in return. There can be no question of the nature of the wrong, and no justification of it. From time to time we hear that the English also pirate American books; but no one has the effrontery to urge this in defence of our piracy of English books; and every one knows that if the English continued to pirate our books for a hundred years the balance of guilt would still be upon our side. Moreover, every one knows that if we enacted justice to the English author, there would be an instant response on the part of England to our tardy reparation; in fact, prior publication in Great Britain already secures for the American author the protection which our law denies to the alien upon any condition.—*Mr. Howells, in Harper's Monthly.*

THE VENUS ACCROUPIE.—Turning to the left, on entering the Louvre, I found myself at once among the sculpture, which is on the ground floor. Except that the Venus of Milo was in the collection, I had no knowledge of what I was about to see, but stepped into an unknown world of statuary. Somewhat indifferently I glanced up and then down, and instantly my coolness was succeeded by delight, for there, in the centre of the gallery, was a statue in the sense in which I understand the word—the beautiful made tangible in human form. It was then at least thirty yards distant, with a view partly broken, but it was impossible to doubt or question lines such as those. On a gradual approach the limbs become more defined, and the torso grows and becomes more and more human—this is one of the remarkable circumstances connected with the statue. There is life in the wide hips, chest, and shoulders; so marvellous is the illusion that not only the parts that

remain appear animated, but the imagination restores the missing and mutilated pieces, and the statue seems entire. I did not see that the hand was missing and the arms gone; the idea of form suggested by the existing portions was carried on over these, and filled the vacant places.—*Richard Jefferies, in The Magazine of Art.*

TEMPTATIONS OF PERSONAL JOURNALISM.—Perhaps the worst aspect of the demand for personal journalism is the temptation it offers a class of writers to sacrifice individual honor and integrity to a temporary gain. They may come in possession of some of those essentially private and personal facts of a man's life which it would be a matter of ideal integrity to refrain from circulating. If related to the journalist as matter of friendly confidence, the obligation is sufficiently obvious; if it chance to come to his knowledge through indirect means, the obligation is not less strong, because it is more subtle and more entirely an affair of honor. But the current of the journalistic maelstrom which craves sensation draws him in almost, it may be, imperceptibly; he cheats himself with plausible sophistries; he declares that if he does not 'get ahead of the other fellow,' and give it in the *Rambler* to-day, it will be snapped up and elaborated in the *Tattler* to-morrow. He knows such matter is instantly available in cash, and so he sells his soul for a mess of pottage. Yet, to the credit of journalism be it said, such success—if the term may be so desecrated—is as transient as it is trivial. The journals that will publish and pay for such dishonorable work do not respect the man who will lend himself to do it. In time—and usually, too, not a very long time—he loses his position, and all that respect which makes life worth the living.—*The Boston Traveller.*

Munkacsy's "Christ on Calvary."

MUNKACSY'S 'Christ on Calvary,' which has been on exhibition since Monday last at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle under Mr. Sedelmeyer's management, loses half its effect from the fact that it comes after his 'Christ before Pilate.' It was painted several years after the picture seen here last season, and, with all its undeniable merits, it suffers the disadvantages sure to follow when one attempts to repeat a success. The canvas is even larger than that on which 'Christ before Pilate' is painted. Many of the same heads, figures and costumes are used. The color-scheme of whites, reds and greenish blues, is the same as that in the 'Christ before Pilate' but it has not the same effectiveness nor does it inspire the spectator with the same sense of completeness. There are about fifty heads in the picture. At the extreme right is seen in the distance the valley lying in shadow. Nearest the edge of the bare rocky height of Golgotha is the cross with one of the thieves upon it. Next, toward the centre of the composition, is the figure of Christ, on the cross. The Three Marys are grouped at the foot of the cross and St. John in a red garment, stands with his back to the spectator looking down at the Virgin Mother. The composition is finished on the right by a Roman soldier who has seated himself on the rocky ledge in the foreground. In the middle of the foreground is the figure of a half-grown youth in a light red who starts in surprise at the sight of the dying Christ. The moment chosen by the painter is that when the Saviour cries 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Beyond the figure of Christ is seen the third cross with the malefactor upon it, and between the two crosses stretches the executioner's ladder. From this point the crowd extends away to the left leaving an open space in the middle. Two centurions rise above the heads of the crowd. The cleft of the composition has for its principal mass the figure of a Jewish prince in white robes on a grayish white horse. Under the horse's head, Judas, in green drapery, is seen running away. His action is almost too violent. The scribes and Pharisees who appear in 'Christ before Pilate' are seen in the foreground of the group of spectators. A dark and gloomy sky lowers over the scene.

What ought to be one of the best points of the composition—the atmospheric conditions belonging to the subject—is lost in the artificial lighting. This work absolutely requires daylight to be properly seen. The best work in the picture is in the figures of the rabble and the Jew judges and scribes, but many of these are repetitions of the types presented in the other picture. The least successful figures are those of the three Marys. The black-robed Virgin scarcely shows under her drapery that she has a human figure and her foot is conspicuously lacking in the firmness of bone and muscle. The three figures on the crosses are well drawn. In expressiveness and restrained dramatic force, however, 'Christ on Calvary' surpasses even Christ before Pilate. It is not only the realism of but the absolute commonplaceness, of the treatment, which makes the scene so terribly tragic. The sense of brutal indifference and carelessness which pervades the crowd brings home to us more keenly than

anything else could, the contrast between the earthly conditions and the celestial ones (or the introverted mystical ones as agnostics would say) of the Saviour's life. The mob does not even respect Him enough to hate Him. The people glance at Him contemptuously. This is where the strength of the picture lies—not in the conventional group of personages about the cross. Munkacsy's talent is so thoroughly modern and individual that it does not accept conventionalisms gracefully. Rubens has given us Crucifixions and Descents from the Cross treated at once decoratively and dramatically and it is difficult to work in the same vein after him.

Notes

AMONG the most important literary events of the season is the arrangement by the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers of Edinburgh and J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, for the issue of a new edition of the well-known Chambers's Encyclopædia. The work is to be thoroughly revised, entirely rewritten and printed from new stereotype plates. Active collaborators in both countries are busily engaged on the revision, and the first volume is announced for publication early next spring. The work will be copyrighted in both countries and the publishers express their intention of making it a thoroughly International Encyclopædia.

—Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet, has made a collection of his poems for the first time and the volume will be published this fall by Cassell & Co. Mr. Wilson has many friends and admirers in the North as well as in the South and his book will be awaited with interest.

—A periodical of a somewhat new character is to appear in the Hague (Netherlands). It will be a fortnightly in four languages, English, French, Spanish and Italian, containing original correspondence on letters, arts and science from London, Paris, Madrid and Naples. A New York correspondent has been invited to contribute an American letter to the quartet already named. The object is to promote the study of languages. The editor is to be M. Taco H. deBeer, editor of *de Portefeuille*, the Dutch Art Chronicle and Literary Review.

—The Johns Hopkins University proposes to issue during the month of November a limited letter-press edition of 'The Teaching of the Apostles' with a complete fac-simile text (from the MS. of the Holy Sepulchre, Convent of the Greek Church, Jerusalem), accompanied by a commentary by Professor J. Rendel Harris. The volume has been printed at the Cambridge (England) University Press and photographs of the manuscript have been reproduced by the Autotype Company of London.

—Charles Scribner's Sons have made arrangements with Henry Holt & Co. by which they become the publishers of the stories of R. L. Stevenson which were on the latter's list.

—Mr. Anthony J. Froude has written a book on India as a companion to his 'Oceana,' which latter is said to have netted him \$50,000.

—The November *Lippincott* will have for its complete novel a romance of life in Italy by Miss Virginia W. Johnson. To the other part of the magazine Walt Whitman contributes a series of short poems called 'November Boughs,' in one of which he bids farewell to life.

—The Lincoln Life in the forthcoming November *Century* has to do with the period after Lincoln's election, and before his inauguration. In this instalment will be given to the world for the first time fourteen letters of President Lincoln. These are written to General Scott, W. H. Seward, Henry J. Raymond and others. There are also important letters from Mr. Seward, and interesting letters and extracts from letters by Horace Greeley, E. B. Washburne, Simon Cameron, General Scott, Thurlow Weed, Thomas Corwin, W. C. Bryant and John A. Dix.

—Price, Lee & Co. of New Haven have arranged for the publication of a new history of the town of Waterbury, Conn., and have secured as chief writers on this work Miss Sara J. Pritchard of Waterbury, and Miss Anna L. Ward, of Bloomfield, N. J. To the former has been assigned the first century of the history, and the second century to the latter. Rev. Dr. Joseph Anderson, Frederick J. Kingsbury, and Mr. H. F. Bassett, of the Bronson Library, will contribute chapters relating to special periods and topics.

—Messrs. Blackie expect to issue on November 15 the first of the eight volumes of Shakspeare on which Henry Irving, the actor, and Frank Marshall, the dramatist, have been at work on for so long a time. From the *Herald's* cable news we glean the following:—Mr. Irving contributes the introduction, the object of which is to show that Shakspeare was a practical playwright, and his plays were designed, above all things, for the stage. Each play is printed so as to be an acting edition. The introduction is divided into three sections.

The first takes up the literary history of each play; the second, its stage history, giving some account of the chief occasions on which it has been performed, with the names of the principal actors; the third consists of critical remarks on the subject of the construction and characters of the play, with an estimate of its merits as compared with others of Shakspeare's dramas. The notes to the plays in which historical personages largely figure comprise brief biographical accounts of them. Each play is also furnished with a time-analysis, showing the probable period of time covered by each scene and act and the length of any intervals supposed to elapse in the course of representation. The illustrations have been drawn expressly for this edition by Gordon Brown and are reproduced in fac-simile of the original drawing. They will consist of thirty-seven full page etchings, representing one or more important scenes in each play, and about five hundred and fifty designs placed in the text at the passages they illustrate. In further illustration sketches will accompany certain plays, showing the countries in which and the chief places where the action is supposed to occur.

—More Shakspearian literature is announced:—An *édition de luxe* of Shakspeare is being issued by Messrs. Cassell, called the 'International Shakspeare.' The October number covers 'Henry IV.,' and 'As You Like It' will follow next month. Each volume costs £3 in London. Dr. Furnivall announces that he has in press for his Shakspeare quarto series the fac-similes of the first editions of 'The Contention,' 1594; 'The True Tragedy,' 1595.. and 'The Troublesome Reigne of King John,' 1591.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish this week 'Not in the Prospectus,' a novel by Parke Danforth. The 'Prospectus' is of a European trip 'personally conducted' by Mr. Cook, or one of his aids, with a love story thrown in.

—Mr. Marion Crawford, says *The Athenæum*, has added considerably to his new novel 'The Crucifix of Marzio' (which will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan) since its appearance in serial form. The same author's 'With the Immortals,' which has been appearing for some months past in *Macmillan's Magazine*, will not be reissued in book form until the end of the year, as Mr. Crawford contemplates adding several new chapters.

—Oscar Wilde has undertaken the editorship of *The Lady's World*, published by Cassell & Co. The first act of his editorship was to change the title to *The Woman's World*, which is not only more alliterative but more dignified. The English publishers sell the American right in this magazine to a Chicago house who serve it up in various styles and under a variety of names.

—'Dead Man's Rock,' a novel announced by Cassell & Co., has the elements that have made Rider Haggard's stories popular. One who has read the advance sheets predicts a great success for the story.

—The supplement to Mr. William Cushing's 'Initials and Pseudonyms' will be published early in January by T. Y. Crowell & Co., who announce for immediate publication 'The Boyhood of Living Authors,' by William H. Rideing, which, though it is mainly designed for young readers, will find readers among all who are interested in literary biography. The book comprises about eighteen chapters and contains much fresh material, Mr. Rideing having had the assistance of T. B. Aldrich, Charles Dudley Warner, E. C. Stedman, J. T. Trowbridge, Edward Eggleston, H. H. Boyesen, F. R. Stockton and others in preparing the work.

—The October number of *The Writer* begins the second half-year of that magazine with the addition of eight pages, a proof that the enterprise is meeting with the success it deserves.

—The history, uses and fashions of the wedding-ring will be described in the November *Popular Science Monthly*, by D. R. McAnally. G. P. Serviss's articles on 'Astronomy with an Opera-Glass' will be continued in the same number with a paper on 'The Stars of Autumn.'

—Roberts Bros., have in press a volume of poems called 'Songs of the Mexican Leas,' by Joaquin Miller.

—D. Lothrop Company will shortly issue a Life of Robert Southey with numerous letters not before given to the public.

—The October *Wide Awake* will contain a poem by Edwin Arnold called 'Atalanta,' and an article on 'The Pitcher Plant,' by Grant Allen.

—'Hymns of the Faith' is the title of the new hymn-book prepared by Professors Harris and Tucker of the Andover Theological Seminary which will contain about 650 Hymns. Mr. Glæsen is the musical editor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish the book shortly. They have also in press a 'Book of Folk Stories' containing a number of old favorites retold by Horæ E. Scudder in simpler language than the originals. Every person who has children to read to will have Mr. Scudder to thank for thus simplifying their labors.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1300.—What is the American National Hymn?—or is there none?

NEW YORK.

B. G.

[If you will tell us who Junius was, we will tell you what our national hymn is. Both questions have been about equally discussed, with equally unsatisfactory results. The latter seems to be undecided between 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' The principal use of a national hymn is to play it when the sovereign reviews the troops. We have neither sovereign nor authorized hymn. As our troops do not often come in contact with foreign troops, they are not embarrassed by being asked what air they would prefer to be saluted with; but we believe it gives endless trouble in the Navy, when our ships, in foreign ports, meet foreign ships on July 4. There is no authoritative decision on the subject, but the weight of precedent inclines, we think, towards 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' 'Yankee Doodle' is, of course, only a musical joke.]

No. 1301.—In one of 'H. H.'s' shorter poems, 'A Song of Clover,' occur these lines:

Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach.

Can you explain the allusion as concerns the clover blossom?

GRAINWOOD, PRIOR LAKE, MINN.

A. R. B.

[In popular speech, to say that a person is 'in clover' means that he is prospering; as a cow in a clover field eats with greater avidity, and afterwards chews the cud with greater show of contentment, than when pasturing upon by the roadside, or in a field of common grass.]

No. 1302.—An aged lady wishes to know who wrote the old songs 'Robin Adair' and 'Call me Pet Names.'

NANTUCKET, MASS.

S. B. W.

['Robin Adair' is said to have been written by Admiral Keppel's sister, Lady Caroline Keppel, afterwards Lady Caroline Adair, at Bath, while on a journey vainly undertaken by her family with a view to breaking off her relations with Dr. Robert Adair. The air to which the words were set was one that she had heard her lover sing. It is claimed by both the Irish and the Scotch. Further information about 'Robin' and Lady Caroline may be obtained from Helen Kendrick Johnson's 'Our Familiar Songs,' Henry Holt & Co.]

No. 1303.—Who are Mrs. Brownrigg's apprentices? I see mention of them in R. L. Stevenson's 'Markheim,' and remember some allusion to them in an essay of E. P. Whipple's.

BLOOMFIELD, NEW MEXICO.

E. P.

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